Northern Messenger

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—Drawn by Eric Warnick.

"Strange are the ways of the white man," murmured White Eagle, as the boy bent over him.

Scurvy Cure

By Harold E. Christie

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JACQUES CARTIER looked little enough like the great leader of an exploring expedition into New France as he sat shivering within his log cabin inside the walls of Stadacona. His men would do little exploring this winter, he thought gloomily, remembering how few able-bodied men remained of the hundred and twenty-five who had built this strong fort just three short months earlier. If only the sun would shine again, so that his men could cure their agues and scurvy! Maybe, if he could even cure his own, he could whip his men into some semblance of fight against Donnaconna's braves, who whooped continuously outside the walls and fired arrows at any of his men who dared to show their heads above the walls.

A knock sounded at his door, and he looked up wearily. Probably someone to tell of another man stricken with the scurvy, or another injured by the flying arrows. Then he remembered. No, this would probably be young Philippe, for whom he had sent a few minutes earlier.

The door opened, and Philippe Brion stepped inside. He was a tall lad, too blonde for a son of France, plainly showing the trace of Teutonic ancestry he had inherited from his mother. He doffed his plumed hat and bowed low before Cartier.

"You sent for me, sire?"

"Aye, lad. Are you brave? As brave as your uncle for whom you are named?"

The youthful face of Philippe pinked perceptibly; but he nodded. Cartier gazed at him a moment, remembering how another and older Philippe Brion had sailed with him on an earlier voyage, and remembering too how that same Brion-Chabot was now a favorite of the king because of his great daring on that earlier voyage. Would this nephew of that other Philippe be as brave, now that Cartier needed bravery more than anything else? He turned back to his chair, sighing.

"You are young for the task I must needs have you do, Philippe. Yet I must trust you. None else remains. Do you hear the drums?"

Philippe nodded, eagerly this time. Cartier continued:

"Donnaconna's braves! They cluster outside the walls as leaves in the forest cluster about their tree, almost without number. To all intents they are friendly; but their drums speak of war; and their arrows fly over our walls."

He jumped to his feet and paced nervously back and forth across the room.

"The Huron wears paint, and Donnaconna no longer sits in council with us. Perhaps it is well, for if he should carry word to White Eagle, telling how few we are, even Donnaconna could not hold back his braves. White Eagle is powerful, and he fears the medicine we make. He is making powerful medicine, summoning all the tribes of the nations."

"But Donnaconna will hold them, sire. Donnaconna is our friend."

"Friend, is he? Friend because he fears the thunder of our guns. Did he know that but twelve men are left inside the walls strong enough to shoot those guns, think you he would wait? Twelve, you hear? All the rest are worth less than nothing."

"But, sire, Donnaconna doesn't know. He doesn't even suspect. Those who can still beat upon the walls with hammers so that the Hurons think we are many."

"Aye, and good strategy, too, my son. That was why I sent for you today. It shows you own a nimble wit, for none else thought of it but you. Nimble wits you will need to reach the Petite Hermine in safety and return."

"The Petite? Is it that which I am to do?"

"Aye! Afraid?"

"Nay—not—not very, sire."

* * *

"HONEST lad! That is the true bravery, Philippe. But someone must go. Our ammunition is slim, and of medicines we have none. Not that medicine would help this dread scurvy. Already twenty-four have died from it, and the winter but two months gone."

"Twenty-five, sire. De Breuf died but now."

"Another? And seventy-odd cripples whose teeth fall out when they talk! Dying men, who can't even pound on the walls with hammers! Would God that we could find a cure before all are dead!"

"Perhaps they are but sailor's yarns, sire; but Santos, the Spaniard, tells of a yellow fruit which cures the scurvy. He, at least, suffers not. Maybe he has a store of these *limons* with him."

"Perhaps; perhaps; we shall see. But now, will you go to the Petite?"

Philippe nodded, and Cartier continued:

"She rides at anchor in the Saint Charles, as you know. She is fast frozen; so you can walk across the water to her. In the hold are many barrels of powder, and in my cabin is a portmanteau containing herbs. Bring back as much powder as you can carry; and forget not the precious medicines."

"Aye, sire."

Philippe saluted, then walked briskly out of the room. Once the door had closed behind him, however, his shoulders slumped a bit. He was scared, he admitted to himself. He was a lone white man—nay, scarcely a man yet, for his beard was still soft down—with miles of hostile Indian country to travel. He must go weaponless too, for Cartier could not take a chance on Donnaconna's braves capturing a single gun.

With only his sword strapped about his waist, Philippe slipped out of the fort and raced across the clearing to the shelter of the friendly trees beyond.

Although his mind kept conjuring up visions of painted savages hiding behind every tree, watching him, with bloody scalp locks dangling from their belts, Philippe didn't see a single savage. He made the trip to the Petite unharmed, and breathed a little prayer of thankfulness as he clambered over the wooden sides of the craft.

Maybe Donnaconna had been telling the truth when he claimed that his warriors were friendly. But no, Cartier said that Donnaconna never told the truth to white men, and Cartier knew Donnaconna well. And hadn't Philippe himself heard the Huron chief tell Cartier that the upper stretches of the Saint Lawrence were peopled with goblins, magicians, and powerful medicine men who would destroy the whites and their houses which floated on the water? Yet the people of Hochelaga had been friendly, even more friendly than the Hurons when Cartier had first come among them.

* * *

AS he loaded the powder into the large skin bags which he had brought from the fort, Philippe was remembering the warning Donnaconna had given Cartier the summer before. When he first heard that the whites were planning to sail on up the river into the territory of the Algonquins, Donnaconna had sent three of his warriors up the river in one of their bark canoes. About dusk they returned, floating with the current, apparently dead. They were horrible figures, painted as if they had been scalped, slashed with knives, tortured. The canoe had floated down until it touched the Petite, and many a brave sailor had crossed himself at the sight of their bloody faces.

Then the three Hurons in the canoe had sprung to their feet, grimacing and fighting among themselves, calling to the whites to witness that thus had the Algonquins attacked them. Finally they had rowed toward shore, disappearing into the brush. White Eagle and Donnaconna had come then, telling Cartier that these men had been Gichi, messengers from their God, Coudouagny. They had come to warn the whites that thus would the Algonquins kill the whites if they dared to sail up the Great River.

No, Donnaconna had lied then, for the Algonquins had been friendly and kind. He had lied in everything else he had told the whites, too, for he had promised peace, and his warriors shot their painted arrows over the walls at Stadacona; he had promised to sell food to the whites, but none had come; and now he professed that his people were friendly; but they danced the war dance and pounded on skin-covered tom-toms.

When finally Philippe had collected as many pounds of powder as his young shoulders would bear, he dropped over the side of the Petite with his precious burden and carried it to a clump of elders growing on the bank. Caching it there he returned for the precious medicines. The portmanteau was heavy, and for a while Philippe feared that he would have to leave some of his powder; but finally he made a crude sledge of a willow branch and loaded the herbs and powder on it. Then, dragging the branch behind him, he started the dangerous trek back to the fort.

His eyes kept peering from side to side, and his left hand continued to play with the haft of his sword; but he neither heard nor saw anything to alarm him. Then, a mile or so ahead he could make out the first dim outlines of the fort. Only a few more minutes now and he would be safe inside with his precious burden.

Ahead, a faint wisp of smoke attracted his attention. It was directly in his path; so he must either circle it or pass very close to that campfire. A fire meant danger—enemies close at hand. He hid the sledge behind a tree and crept cautiously closer to investigate.

At first he could see nothing except the wisp of smoke. Then he saw the fire—a few glowing coals that grew dimmer as he watched. A deserted campfire, probably. But an Indian would never leave a campfire without putting it out; and no white man would be outside the fort except himself. Still, he could see no movement about the fire. He crept closer, finally crossed the tiny clearing to look directly down upon the fire.

* * *

IT had burned low, long untended. Only a few coals remained; and over them a copper kettle hung suspended on a tripod of branches—a copper kettle such as Cartier had brought with him to exchange with the Indians for furs. Within the kettle a concoction of bark and leaves simmered slowly. It gave off a piny aroma which was pleasantly agreeable. Philippe bent closer to smell the aromatic tang of the vapors.

He heard the moan then, a low moan which caused him to whirl, bare sword

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Cross-Channel

By "Yarn Spinner"

For the Messenger

FRED MONAHAN and Tom Beresford, ship's boys on H.M.C.S. ——— (whom we remember as two former troop leaders of St. Peter's), walked along the cliff path. Their ship was in a British port on special service and the two boys had obtained an afternoon's shore leave to visit friends.

It was one of those beautiful English days that sometimes come between spells of storms and fog late on in the season. The sky arched blue above with little wisps of white cloud. Around them the gorse blazed with its yellow blossoms, and perfumed the air. From the foot of the cliffs the sea spread out blue, only broken by crisp little wavelets. That cloud-bank hanging on the horizon was the coast of France.

"There's Jack," exclaimed Fred as they sighted a Scout sitting under a gorse bush at the edge of the cliff. A pair of binoculars were glued to his eyes as he swept the eastern sky.

Jack was Fred's English cousin, one of the relatives whom they had hoped to visit when they came ashore.

He held up his hand as the two Canadian boys approached.

"Hear anything?" he asked.

They stopped still and listened. Yes, there was the distant hum of planes.

Jack turned to the small heliograph instrument at his side. There was a flash and an answering flash from the tower of the distant coastguard station.

A minute afterwards six planes roared aloft from the port to meet the invader.

"Have you time to wait to see what happens?" asked Jack.

The boys answered yes. They had not to be on board till the end of the first dog watch (6 p.m.)

In a few minutes the boys, with the aid of Jack's binoculars, saw an extraordinary sight.

The dozen German planes were about ten miles out from the boys' position. They were flying high, but higher still soared the British. There was diving and circling in a series of "dog-fights" —with puffs of pearly white smoke.

The German formation was broken. The individual planes scattered hither and thither like frightened birds. At last the enemy air flotilla turned and made its way back to its starting point, many of its members 'limping' badly.

One did not turn. Its engine had evidently received a mortal hurt. It fell over on its side and rocketed towards the sea. Then it righted itself, as Fred would have expressed it to "an even keel" and came gliding downward. A puff of wind caught it and carried it shoreward. Then it plunged into the bay about half a mile from the base of the cliff.

The British planes, their work done, turned back and were soon out of sight behind the hill.

"Look!" said Jack. "They're coming ashore!"

The Germans had unpacked some sort of boat or raft. Two men scrambled into it and were paddling toward the land.

"Come on!" called Jack. "We'll go down to meet them. But wait a minute!"

He again flicked his heliograph and again there was an answering flash from the coastguard tower. Then the three boys scrambled down the track which led from the top of the cliff to the strand.

The Germans saw them. As they approached they stood up in their craft, almost capsizing it, and "Kamerad! Kamerad!" came across the water.

"I can speak a little German," said Fred to his companions, and then in that language,

"Come ashore. You need not fear!"

The Germans were young fellows, not more than seventeen or eighteen. They seemed exceedingly nervous, as if expecting ill-treatment.

Jack, with Fred's help, reassured them, but told them they were prisoners. At the same time there was a hail from the cliff and two coastguardsmen with rifles slung across their shoulders and pistols in their belts clambered down and took charge.

The Germans gave themselves up without hesitation. Then one, pointing to the wrecked plane, said in English.

"Ve haf a man oud there—wounded."

Fred and Tom turned to the coastguards.

"We'll look after him if we can have the boat."

The coastguards looked a little uncertain, but the Canadian boys had already tumbled on board and were paddling out towards the wrecked plane.

They reached it as it lay tossing in the choppy sea. The wounded man lay in the cock-pit. Lifting him as gently as possible, they lowered him into the boat. His right arm had been shattered by a bullet. They found a First Aid kit on the plane, also a fur-lined leather coat, and an oilskin case containing papers.

All these they took on board and proceeded, as well as they could in the waning light to give first aid to the wounded man.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" exclaimed Fred, "See who this is!"

"Hans Schmidt! Doesn't that beat the——Germans," answered Tom.

A vision of a dimly lighted lunch room, not far from St. Peter's, and of a round-faced German boy serving out frankfurters, came to their minds almost as vividly as the reality of three years ago.

They had hoped to get Hans into the Scouts, but Mr. Schmidt had always been against it. He had returned to Germany with his son. And here was Hans in a wrecked German plane, and a good deal of a wreck himself!

"We must get him ashore as soon as we can," said Fred and the two bent to their paddles.

It was growing dusk now. Jack had disappeared with the coastguards and their prisoners. The great mass of the cliff hung above them grim and dark. It seemed to be receding from them. Then it came to the boys that they were caught in the out-running tide. They paddled frantically and for a little while seemed to be making headway, but caught in the backwash of a wave they found themselves further out than ever.

The wind was also freshening and was blowing off the land. Soon they were about a mile off the mouth of the harbor. They could see the mountains silhouetted against the sunset light and, more dimly, the houses and the ships. Few lights were visible except that searchlights from a warship and from the shore station swept the sky. The glow faded from the back of the distant mountains. Darkness closed in. With the darkness a drizzling rain began to fall.

Soon the harbor was shut out by a blanket of mist and a fog-bell sounded from the pier-head, "Boom! . . Boom! . . . Boom!"

After a while even this melancholy link with the land was broken. The fog shrouded everything. Caught in the race of the tide they were carried along at a rapid rate.

"Well," said Tom, "I'm afraid we've overstayed our leave. We'll get into an awful row when we get back."

"That's right," answered Fred rather dismally, and then with a little laugh, "Let's keep our chins up. We'll likely get back with the turn of the tide. Let's remember anyhow,

A SCOUT SMILES AND WHISTLES UNDER ALL DIFFICULTIES."

Their chief anxiety was for Hans. They had tucked him up in the leather coat and had administered an occasional drink of cocoa from their thermos bottle.

He had grown delirious.

"I will not go back to Germany," he murmured, "It is my Vaterland but der Fuehrer is bad, bad! . . ."

It was certainly a "dirty night." It blew harder and the wind cut to the bone. Every now and then a wave struck their blunt bow and slopped on board. The rain fell persistently. The mist had thickened so that they could scarcely see each other.

A greyness showed through the darkness. It was day. The rain ceased and the wind fell, but the fog, thicker than ever, hung like a curtain around them. Hans had fallen asleep.

Taking their direction as well as they could from the light which struggled through the fog, Fred and Tom paddled, hoping they were going toward the British coast. They had no means of knowing whether they were making progress or otherwise.

The waves with a greasy, sliding motion, glided by. It was bitterly cold. There was still some cocoa in the thermos, so each boy took a sip. Hans opening his eyes just then, they gave him a drink also and he told them that he felt better.

Several times they heard planes zooming high overhead. And ship's sirens spoke through the fog. Once as the afternoon drew on, the thud of a ship's engines struck their ears and a dark mass loomed above them. They stood up and shouted, but the ship, whatever she was, passed on, her wash almost swamping their craft.

Night drew on again.

"My lips are too cold to whistle," remarked Tom to Fred; "But I'll do my best to keep on smiling."

A lethargy crept over them. It seemed that they had been drifting on this oily sea all their lives. Dreams flitted uneasily through their minds. Their ship, home, Canada, camping with the Scouts.

Then on a sudden they came broad awake. The oily swell had ceased. The boat was rocking gently. A mass blacker than the black of the night towered above them. They could hear the waves lapping as if against a pier.

Then another sound, the tramping of many feet, the jingle of metal and now and then a hoarse guttural word of command. Hans stirred in his sleep. Tom rolled his handkerchief into a ball and jammed it into his mouth.

"Sorry, old fellow," he whispered, "But you've got to keep quiet."

Fred continued to paddle, dipping his blade so lightly as hardly to cause a ripple on the water.

And now in shore through the mist there loomed a long line of black shapes, boats or barges. There was more trampling of feet and a murmur of voices.

Suddenly a voice barked across the water in sharp challenge. Fred replied in his best German. Evidently it did not satisfy the guard. There came a flash and a shot sang past their ears.

"Paddle!" cried Fred to Tom.

The blades took the water simultaneously and the boat shot out to sea.

Shrill whistles, hoarse shouting, and they knew that boats had been lowered and were in pursuit.

They were about a mile from shore when they felt a sudden jar. Through the darkness and fog they saw a tangle of rocks and low-lying wave-washed islands on one spur of which they had grounded.

WORTHY OF VICTORY

I hope—indeed I pray—that we shall not be found unworthy of our victory if after toil and tribulation it is granted to us. For the rest we have to gain the victory. That is our task. — THE RT. HONORABLE WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Getting afloat again they rammed their boat in among the rocks. The fog still covered everything with its thick creamy folds.

Cold and wet the boys lay on the floor of the boat. Their limbs were stiff and sore, their throats raw and painful.

"'Never say die till you're dead'," croaked Fred to Tom and Tom croaked back: "'A Scout smile and whistles under all difficulties'."

After a while the noise of a gun rolled across the water. The voice of a bugle sounded. On either hand they heard the dip of oars and knew that the boats had given up the pursuit and were returning to their base.

Rooting round in their boat they found a small cupboard. To their joy it contained a loaf of bread and a thick piece of frankfurter. The fog still curtained the islets, but the sun as it rose warmed them. They breakfasted, and removing Hans's gag, gave him a share. He told them that he was glad to be captured and that he hoped he might be able to come to Canada after the war.

"No more Fuehrer for me!" he said.

* * *

COMMANDER MULOCK of H.M.C.S. ——, on patrol duty in the Channel, paced the bridge with his first officer.

"It's too bad, Mollinson, about those two boys," he said. "They were promising lads. I hoped they would go high in the service."

"Well," said Lieut. Mollinson, "you know, sir, that boys of that type have as many lives as a cat. Let us hope they will turn up."

"And if they do," said the Commander grimly, "Won't I give them a wigging?"

* * *

"Something dead ahead, sir!" yelled the lookout man in the bow.

"Over with your helm,—hard to port!" cried the Commander. The ship lurched as she swung round and in answer to the telegraph her engines were reversed and she slowed down.

"Ship ahoy!" came through the darkness.

The searchlight picked out a floating object.

"Come alongside! No tricks now! Who are you, anyhow?"

"Fred Monahan and Tom Beresford of H.M.C.S. —— We have a prisoner and some papers!"

"Come aboard, Fred Monahan and Tom Beresford. Bring your prisoner and your papers."

In the commander's cabin, he and Lieut. Mollinson examined the captured papers.

"All in code, I see," said Commander Mulock, "but I've no doubt they're important."

He touched a bell. A bluejacket entered and saluted.

"Bring in the boys," said the Commander.

Fred and Tom were marched in under guard. The Commander drew his bushy eyebrows together and looked at them sternly.

"Boys," he said, "This is a serious offence. You over-stayed your leave in time of war. It almost amounts to desertion. You could be shot for it. However, you are young. Perhaps it will be sufficient punishment if we dismiss you from the service!"

Fred and Tom made a step forward in spite of the restraining hand of the guard.

"Oh, sir! Anything but that!" "Put us in jail." "Put us on bread and water." "Stop our leave,—flog us!" "But don't dismiss us from the service!"

"Well, lads," answered the Commander gravely. "From your story you have seen what was probably a dress

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SCURVY CURE

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hand. Still he could see nothing; but the moan was repeated, lower this time. It sounded as if someone were in great pain—someone who seldom cried but who was now being conquered by a pain greater than any he had ever experienced before. The sound filled Philippe with compassion. Even an Indian should not suffer in that way.

Slowly he put his sword back into its scabbard and walked toward the sound. A few hundred feet away he saw a tree, a giant evergreen, newly dropped. From the marks on it, Philippe decided that the felling was the work of a beaver. The moaning seemed to come from beneath the tree.

Circling it warily, he finally saw the long limbs of an Indian, crushed beneath the tree. He had been driven into the deep snow by the weight of the tree, and his feet where they showed bore traces of frost. An aged Indian, badly crushed, his bones broken, his body slowly freezing!

Philippe grabbed at protruding branches, trying to pull them off the brave. He hacked at them with his sword, denting and nicking the precious blade. He used the broken branches for levers to raise up the heavy tree. Finally he had it moved enough to pull the Indian from beneath the branches.

He half dragged, half carried the warrior to the fire and stirred up the dying embers. Placing fresh branches on the fire, he soon had it roaring brightly. Then he carefully removed the warrior's soft leather garments and searched his body for broken bones. Finally he massaged him carefully until the frozen spots disappeared in red blotches of newly circulating blood.

Bundling him back into his leather garments, Philippe removed his own velvet jacket and wrapped it too about the Indian. Then he re-examined the broken bones. They seemed to be but simple fractures, such as he had set for Cartier's' men many times. Feeling gently about the broken leg, he located the fracture. With gentle fingers he pressed the bones slowly together, straightened them into their former position. With his neckerchief and a couple of straight branches from a nearby tree he bound the leg in position. A moment later he had done the same for the broken arm.

* * *

THE Indian had groaned once, as the leg was being set, but otherwise he gave no indication of life. Now he slowly opened his eyes and gazed long and earnestly into Philippe's clear blue ones.

"I am White Eagle," he whispered. "I am very powerful. My people wear the war paint against your people. Why did you not take my scalp?"

"I am Philippe Brion, of the company of Cartier, the great white chief. I wear not the war paint against the Huron, nor does my chief. Yet even though my face were painted with the juice of berry and walnut, still would I not see an enemy suffer."

"Strange indeed are the ways of the white man," White Eagle murmured.

"How did it happen, White Eagle?"

"I was making medicine. My people are sick because their food is scarce, and they eat roots instead of meat. My father, who was a powerful medicine man, told me that the root and bark of the ameda would cure the sickness that loosens our teeth and rots our bones.'

"The scurvy? Do the Indians of Stadacona suffer too?"

"Many warriors die. When the warriors die, the medicine man dies too, if he does not find a cure. I went into the woods to find the bark of the ameda."

"And you found it?"

White Eagle nodded, and he pointed to the kettle over the fire.

"That is it. I saw a beaver too. Beaver is powerful medicine, my father taught me. He said that a bit of fat from the beaver, added to the broth of the ameda, would make the warrior a worker again, just as the beaver is a worker. The sickness of the mouth and stomach robs men of their strength, and I hunted the beaver so that I could give it back to them. When I found him, I saw, too late, that he had his tree about ready to drop. When it fell, I could not get away.'

"And this ameda. What is it?"

The Indian pointed to a giant tree resembling a spruce, a few feet beyond the fire. Philippe ran to the tree, and his sword hacked at the trunk, cutting

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"The Bells of St. Clements"

A FAMOUS old church in London which has suffered from German bombs is St. Clement Danes at the junction of the Strand and Fleet Street.

The original church on the site probably received its name from a settlement of Danes in the neighborhood. St. Clement Danes now is the unofficial church of the Danish colony in London.

The present church was completed in 1682 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. One of the regular attendants at the church in the 1700's was the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Through some old benefaction, the children of St. Clement's parish receive a present of oranges and lemons each March 31.

Some damage has been inflicted on the tower spire which houses the bells of the nursery rhyme: "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements." Also, two bombs crashed within a few feet of the church. Stained glass windows were shattered, iron railings were torn down and the walls pock-marked by large bomb fragments.

St. Clement Danes Church, with its famous bell tower, bombed during recent raids. To the left of the picture are the Law Courts, with St. Paul's Cathedral in the right background.

Bombs have damaged churches, fortresses, palaces and houses of London, but they have not succeeded in shaking the hearts of the London people and that is what counts in the long run.

Words of "The General"

General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, had words which like Luther's were "half battles." Here are some of his pithy sayings republished in the War Cry:

"Fill the world with the sound of Salvation."

"True courage is independent of argument."

"Take your lines, bait your hooks, and catch your fish."

"Add another chapter to the Acts of the Apostles by being an apostle yourself."

"Having convictions, tell them forth plainly."

"Be nevermore satisfied with mere outside performance."

"We must fight, but our weapons must be truth and love."

"The first essential to effective preaching is the personal realization of the matter preached about."

"Persecute the sinners—force them to get saved."

"What God wants is not reason, but obedience."

"Standing by your treaty means availing yourself of all of God's power."

"God can deliver by the few as well as the many."

"God greatly prefers the true-hearted few to the double-minded many."

"Do something; do it at once; go on doing it."

"What you have to do, do with all your might."

Look into Love as into a mirror. What reflection do you see?

God gives wonderful attention to detail and we miss out if we think things are too small for His notice.

We owe a great debt to Christianity for all that it has done for the world. What is needed today is a lot more of the same medicine.

A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity, as in everything else.—Spurgeon.

The One Royal Road

I AM convinced that the declining belief in prayer is the explanation of the tragic arrest of spiritual progress in our beloved country. Prayer is the Divinely-appointed way by which we come to God.

If prayer is neglected, nothing else matters.

If we refuse to pray, privately or collectively, we are at a dead end.

Scholarship cannot save us: eloquence will prove unavailing: organization will be a rope of sand: in other words, as an Old Testament saint put it: "God forbid that I should sin against Him by refusing to pray for you."

Do we, or do we not, believe in prayer? If we do believe in prayer, why do we not pray?

We shall not be enthusiastic [illegible] world-wide prayer unless we hav[illegible] revived faith in the necessity, and value, and power of prayer.

On one occasion our Saviour told His disciples a story which was designed to illustrate the truth that men ought always to pray, and never to lose heart. And we can never forget that it was after seeing Him in an attitude of prayer, that the disciples came to Him and said: "Lord, teach *us* to pray."

That is a request we need still to make. There must be something surpassingly wonderful in prayer, or Jesus Himself would not have spent so much time in the secret place.—Condensed from an article by Dr. T. W. Riddle in the Christian Herald (London)

You can steel yourself against a desire but that is not getting an answer for it. You have to be willing to accept from Christ the power to be free from it.

The very fact that Christ understands our human desires is the reason why He is able to "disentangle" us and set us free from the mastery of them.

Unfolding Reality

"Nothing becomes real to us till it is needed. . . . It is only when life faces a place where there is no going on without new resources that new resources become real to us. . . When adversity comes, a soul true to itself builds new dimensions—not so much by activity as by receptivity, not so much by new branches of effort as by new roots of faith, not so much by strenuousness as by serenity."—Selected.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : He hath put a new song into my mouth.—Psalm 40:3

Mon. : Praise unto our God.—Psalm 40:3

Tue. : Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works.—Psalm 40:5

Wed. : Thy loving-kindness and Thy Truth continually preserve me. — Psalm 40:11

Thu. : Bless the Lord . . . and forget not all His benefits.—Psalm 103:2

Fri. : Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee.—Psalm 84:4

Sat. : I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue.—Psalm 39:1

A Civilian's Prayer

(ZECHARIAH 14:20-21)

Lord, teach us how to give
Our daily life to Thee;
That all things, great or small,
May consecrated be.

Our business sanctify,
Thine audit to endure;
Till every house of trade
Be as Thy temple pure.

May no dishonest act
Our worship qualify;
But may each contract meet
With Thine approving eye.

Beside the bench may we
Thy mind and will obey;
And honest, working hands
Upon Thine altar lay.

O let us give our hands
To Thee, our living Head;
For on a cross of shame
Thy hands, for us, have bled.

—Hymns for the Times.

"Every man is a potential leader and the unexpected hour of danger and opportunity reveals it."

Loving Criticism

NOBODY should ever criticize anybody unless he loves him; otherwise criticism is negative and only rouses resentment. To be tolerant, to see the other chap's point of view, to see why he is what he is, is very Christ-like and explains why the Saviour dealt with the woman of Samaria and the penitent Magdalene as He did: He saw their faults, He loved them, He forgave them, He saved them. So I reckon we should try to understand differences of opinion, and reserve our vehemence for that which exploits or crushes poor human nature—cruelty, selfishness, pride."—Bishop Carey.

Young People's Bible Reading

Who Is My Neighbor?

by BEREAN

For Sunday
DEC. 8, 1940.
Luke 10:25-37

FOR some months after leaving Galilee our Lord taught in Perea on the far side of the Jordan. St. Matthew (19) and St. Mark (10) only tell a little about this Perean Ministry. St. Luke devotes ten chapters to it. (9:51 to 19:28)

It is quite likely that some of the incidents and teaching recorded in these chapters in St. Luke do not strictly belong to this period. The incidents and teaching were the great concern of of the Evangelists. The order in which they were set down was a relatively unimportant matter. We may, however, take it that much that we get in St. Luke's narrative did occur during these months.

The Perean Ministry resembled the Galilean Ministry that had preceded it. Crowds flocked to our Lord for teaching and healing.

His visits to Jerusalem of which we read in St. John's Gospel showed how bitter was the hatred against Him amongst the ecclesiastical authorities. As in Galilee so in Perea they sent agents to work against Him.

He knew that the Cross lay ahead. He knew that the nation which rejected Him was driving straight for destruction. So He sought that there should be a remnant who, in the dark days that were coming, would "carry on" for God.

There was much work to be done. So He appointed seventy in addition to the twelve "and sent them out two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself was about to come." (St. Luke 10:1)

There were many Gentiles in Perea. These would be included among those who should receive help and healing, first through the Mission of the Seventy and afterwards from the personal ministrations of our Lord.

After some time the Seventy returned with tidings of abundant success. We are told that Jesus "rejoiced in the Holy Spirit." (St. Luke 10:21 R.V.)

He said, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "Yes. I watched Satan falling from heaven like a flash of lightning." (Moffatt)

Our Lord saw in the success of the mission the breaking of Satan's power in the world. It was an "earnest" of the triumph of the Gospel. The Cross lay close ahead, but through it and beyond it lay abundant victory.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God. . . . Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man hath beheld God at any time; if we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us; hereby know we that we abide in him, because he hath given us of his Spirit. . .

And we know and have believed the love which God hath in us. God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. . .

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.—St. John.

* * *

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.
—John G. Whittier.

"How readest thou?"

ABOUT this time 'a certain lawyer," that is a scribe and official interpreter of the law—questioned Him, "Rabbi, what am I to do to inherit eternal life?"

Tempted Him—"Tried" Him. Quite likely it was the duty of a scribe to make sure of the soundness of the doctrine of a teacher coming as a stranger into the community. This duty would be specially necessary when a teacher and his disciples were carrying on an active mission in the locality.

This scribe, however, was evidently hostile to Jesus and desired to trap him into making some unorthodox statement.

Eternal life.—"Age long," meaning here "everlasting." The phrase was familiar to the Jews but the New Testament raises and enriches the idea.

Sometimes it is regarded as a possession to be had after death. So the scribe speaks of inheriting it. "In John it is already a present experience of the people of God, and both in the fourth Gospel and in John's Epistles it is presented to us as a spiritual condition, the divine life in the soul." (Adeney)

How readest thou?—When people came to our Lord with questions He nearly always told them to look for the answer in their own hearts. "How readest thou?" "What think ye?" "What man of you?" "Why of your own selves judge ye not that which is right?"

Our Lord said "You are an interpreter of the Scriptures. What does God teach you there?"

It is His appeal to what the Friends (Quakers) call "the Inner Light." "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." (Prov. 20:27) "The true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." (St. John 1:9)

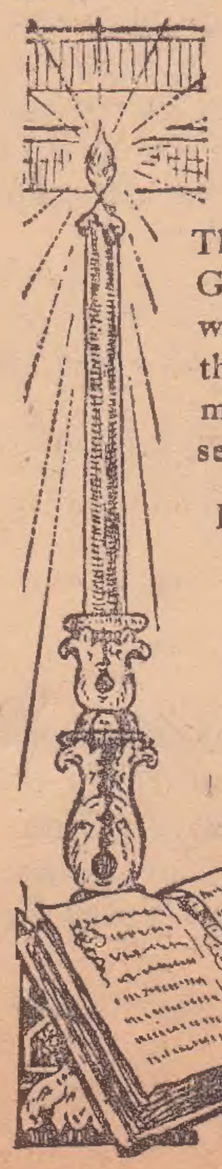
It is a terrible thing when men quench this Light or allow it to be obscured. "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" (St. Matt. 6:23)

"Thou hast answered right"

THE scribe was letter perfect in his answer. He knew the Law and he had the penetration to go behind all ritual and sacrifices to the heart of the matter. The highest Jewish teaching said that the moral law was summed up in these two commandments.

Philo, a Jewish teacher in Alexandria in our Lord's day wrote: "To speak briefly, of the innumerable exhortations and commandments, the two which . . . sum up the whole are the duties of piety and holiness towards God, and of loving kindness and justice towards man."

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. —Luke 10:27.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Luke 10:25-37
Tue.—Luke 4:22-30
Wed.—Gen. 4:3-10
Thu.—Acts 3:2-10
Fri.—Rom. 13:8-10
Sat.—Levit. 19:9-18
Sun.—I Cor. 10:23-33

Who Is My Neighbor?

(Continued from Page 7.)

The first clause of the scribe's answer, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc. is found in Deut. 6:5 and 11:13. The precept written on vellum strips—called "phylacteries"—was, and still is, worn by orthodox Jews on their arms and foreheads during worship.

The second clause "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" occurs among a number of legal details in Leviticus 19:18. This was not on the phylactery but probably the two laws were associated in popular teaching by the Rabbis. Our Lord quoted this summing up of the Law with approval. (St. Matt. 22:37-40; St. Mark 12:29-31)

This do.—"Jesus distinctly affirms that eternal life will follow *if* this is done, *if* these difficult religious and moral precepts are kept (Adeney)

The difficulty is in keeping them. We do not "earn" eternal life. When we have God's life in our hearts it works out in our actions.

If the scribe wanted to "entangle Jesus in his talk" he had failed of his purpose. The Teacher's reply had been perfectly orthodox.

* * *

DESIRING to justify himself. (R.V.)—Jesus had shown him that the answer to his question lay in the Law which he knew so well. He professed to need further enlightenment as to the precise meaning of the word "neighbor."

"He expected Christ to say that a neighbor was a friend or at least an Israelite. The idea that a 'neighbor' might be a foreigner had never occurred to him." (Dummelow)

There are a great many fine provisions in the Mosaic Laws as to how one should treat one's neighbor. The Rabbis taught that these provisions did not extend to Gentiles.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

SO Jesus told the scribe and others who were listening the wonderful story of the "Good Samaritan."

The story is perfect in "local color." Quite likely the incident had actually occurred.

Was going down. (R.V.)—"The descent is nearly 4,000 feet through a mountain pass, for about a distance of 20 miles to the bottom of the Jordan valley, with gorges and caves in the vicinity, the natural haunt of robbers." (Adeney)

Fell among robbers. (R.V.)—Travellers have been held up, robbed, stripped and left for dead upon this road till quite modern times. The better policing of this road has been one of the good jobs of the British in Palestine.

Priest . . . . Levite.—"The lawyer would not have much sympathy with priests and Levites, as they were mostly Sadducees, while probably he was a Pharisee." (Adeney)

Saw him.—There was no excuse for their neglect. The Levite followed the example of his superior.

Note our Lord's biting sarcasm. It is true that most of the good in the world is done by Christian people, but how often have those who prided themselves most on their Christianity "passed by on the other side."

But a certain Samaritan.—"The Samaritans were despised and disliked by the Jews because of racial and religious divisions. . . . A Pharisee lawyer, who would enjoy a thrust at the Sadducean hierarchy, would be the last man to express admiration for anything a Samaritan did." (Adeney)

Note our Lord's generosity. One evening not long before, He and His disciples when weary of their journey had been churlishly turned away from the gate of a Samaritan village, but here He selects a Samaritan as the hero of His story. In so doing He gives a lesson to his too zealous disciples. (9:52-56)

Bound up his wounds . . . oil and wine.—Wine to cleanse, oil to heal. All medical details interesting to Luke the physician.

An inn.—There is still an inn on the road, said to be on the site of the ancient caravanserai.

Two pence.—Two "denarii" about [illegible] cents in our money, but at that time with much more purchasing power. "A penny a day" was considered good wages for a laborer. The two pence would pay the man's expenses for a day or two.

I will repay thee.—The innkeeper knew that the Samaritan's "word was his bond," another fine thing about him.

"MY NEIGHBOR"

WHICH of these three?—Again the Lord calls on the scribe to answer his own question.

"Christ appealed to the man's conscience, not to his reason. If Christ had said 'a heathen is thy neighbor' the man would have argued the point with learned subtlety." (Dummelow)

Instead of this Jesus told a story of a man who helped another simply because he was in need.

The point is not "Who is my neighbor?" but "Who can I be neighbor to?"

"Which of these three?"—It is amusing to see that even now the Scribe does not answer "The Samaritan," but he does say "He that showed mercy (performed mercy) on him."

The great lesson has been taught. The Lord,—as He always did,—has lifted a little controversial question into a divine atmosphere where it glows with eternal truth.

"And Jesus said unto him, 'Go and do thou likewise'."

The whole story,—like so much that is recorded by St. Luke,—is a rebuke to bigotry and intolerance.

Correctness of belief is important, but it is a terrible thing if it blinds us to the good of those who fall short in this respect.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" is "the first and great commandment" on which all else depends.

But "love to God", if it is real and true, must show itself in the second commandment "like to the first", 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"This duty of practical love to the neighbor is limited by no thought of race or creed. It extends to the foreigner and the heretic. Whoever is near us, i.e. within the reach of our help, is our neighbor." (Adeney)

QUESTIONS

1. Who were the "lawyers"?
2. What did the scribe ask our Lord?
3. What did our Lord mean by "How readest thou?"
4. How did the scribe answer?
5. Can we "earn" eternal life?
6. What was the scribe's second question?
7. How did our Lord answer Him?
8. What was our Lord's final word on the subject?
9. What great thing do we learn from the Parable of the Good Samaritan?

England: An Ode

(Excerpt)

Where the footfall sounds of England, where the smile of England shines
Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope divines
Days to be, more brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for signs.
All our past proclaims our future; Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

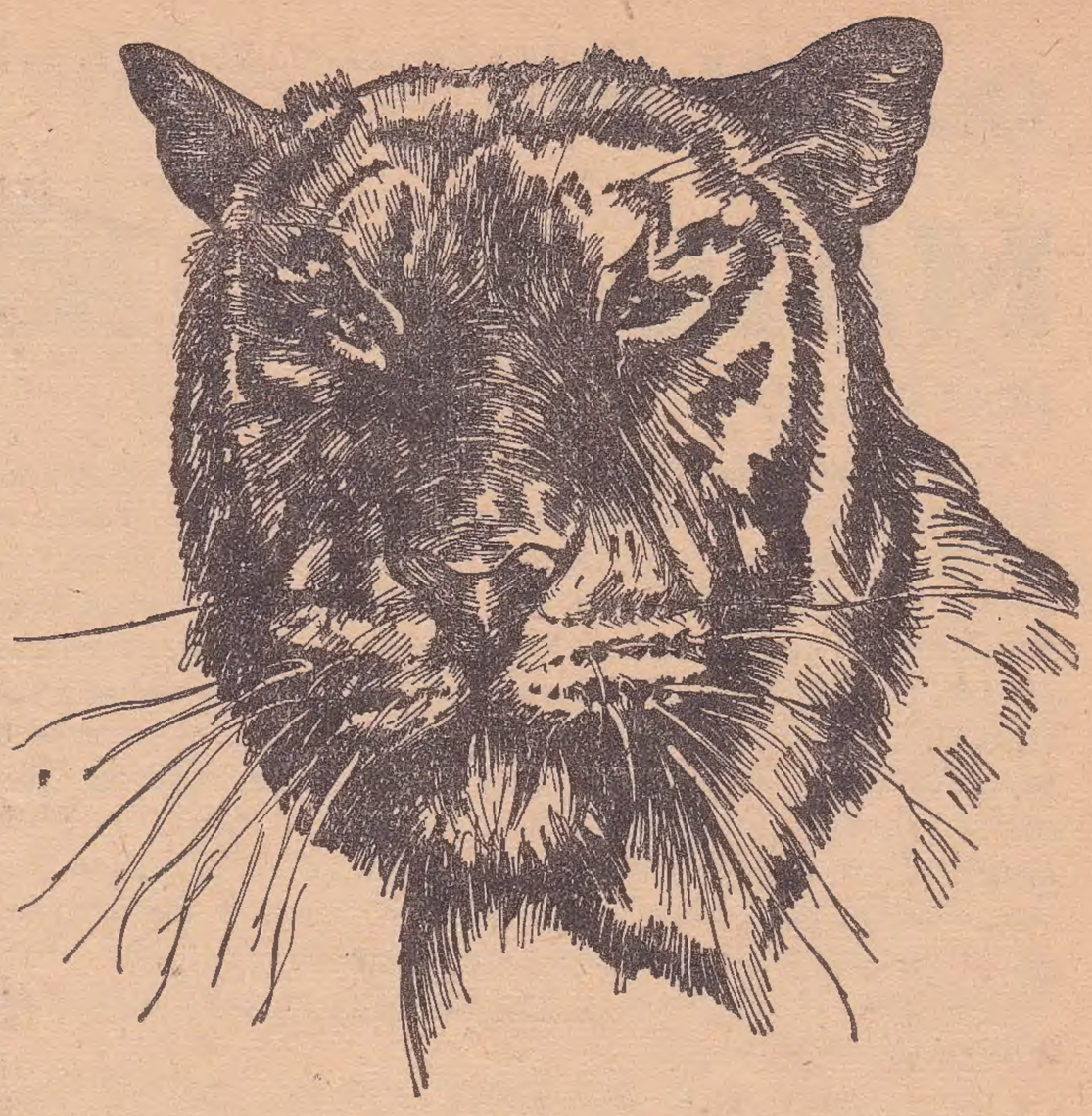
—*A. C. Swinburne.*

"Tiger Escape Tune"

By

A. O. Stott

For the Messenger



IF Sundras passed his School exams with credit, his father, a Christian Indian Pastor, had promised him the one thing on which the boy had set his heart—a certain battered old gramophone which a friend had for sale in his second-hand goods store in the bazaar.

One Saturday afternoon Sundras was visiting him, and had seen this old worn machine which could still utter ear-splitting sounds. Its "music" had so entirely charmed him that he resolved there and then it must be got somehow to take home to his distant country village!

What a stir it would make there, what a wonder it would be, for, away back there, none of these marvels, now just treated as most ordinary things in the towns, had ever been seen. Sundras wrote off and told his father about this coveted treasure, but Mr. Das had few dollars to spare, though he was always very ready to please his only son if he possibly could.

* * *

HAPPILY for the boy his old Granny took a fancy to hear "this Miracle Machine" and promised most of the money. So after much "to and fro talk" the gramophone was bought and very carefully put into the bullock tonga (cart) when Sundras was returning home with his father for the New Year's holidays. In all India was there another such excited boy as Sundras that morning?

He insisted on sitting with his precious treasure clasped on his knees. He was afraid the many jolts and jars, as the bullocks stumbled on the rough roads, might hurt it, and he did his very best to shield it whenever the bumps came.

There had only been enough money to buy three of the very loudest tune discs, but of course others could be easily added later when funds permitted. The only thing that mattered was the machine itself, and that Sundras held lovingly in a firm embrace. He felt very grateful indeed to God for answering many repeated prayers and the hours of that hot dusty journey seemed to fly on wings!

He thought of how all the boys and grown-up folk from all the villages round would flock to listen to the marvellous music machine. Why! their little mud-walled church would be bursting out in all directions with the crowds!

It would give his father a great chance of telling 'the Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love'; and of late, people had not wanted to come and hear much, so his father had been a bit discouraged.

Suddenly all Sundras' happy dreams were rudely shattered as a tiger sprang out of the jungle bordering the narrow lonely road they were passing along. "Stripes" hurtled out at about five feet in front of the tonga and then drew back a yard or two as if just about to spring. Sundras' father was a brave man, and unlike many others, he always treated his bullocks with much kindness and care. They loved and obeyed him in a remarkable way so that in this sudden danger, they acted well. Instead of taking fright and bolting, (which would have greatly increased the danger) as Mr. Das kept quietly re-assuring them and urging them on they obeyed as if there were no tiger in front of them. Mr. Das kept his eyes steadily fixed on the animal all the time, for he knew the most important thing was to try and show no fear as much as possible.

Suddenly Sundras, who always had a quick working mind, set the gramophone playing the loudest and most noisy tune. As the screeching music struck the tiger's ears he stopped short in his threatening attitude and listened with his tail lashing furiously all the time. For a few seconds evidently much puzzled, and whilst Sundras and his father were sending up a ceaseless S.O.S. to God for deliverance, the animal turned and dashed away into the thick jungle.

* * *

"TRULY my son," said Mr. Das, when they had thanked their Heavenly Father for their escape "that machine of yours had been a good bargain for us at double the price we paid. I am full of hope it will attract people to hear the **Message of God's Salvation** and so become a blessing to others. It has certainly been used this evening to save our lives."

"I am sure it will be so," said Sundras, who now felt still more delighted with his treasure if that were possible.

There was little doubt that that old gramophone had still good work to do. It proved a big draw at the praise meeting held in the village when the travellers arrived safely that night. Great crowds soon gathered, especially to hear the tune which scared the tiger and it was such an attraction that Mr. Das had no need to complain about lack of interested hearers.

As for the old Granny, she was never tired of listening to the "Miracle Music Box" and the three old records were soon given companions from her hoarded savings. But Sundras never wavered in his love and appreciation for the record which was always called "the Tiger Escape Tune."

Wool Made From Rock

MANUFACTURING wool from rock seems strange, but Canada derives a steady income out of it. One of the finest insulating materials known, its manufacture was established as an industry in Canada in 1934 after the discovery of large deposits of limestone by the Department of Mines in the Niagara Peninsula, and five plants with a total capacity of 50 tons a day are now in operation. It says much for the expansion of Canadian industry that most of the output is consumed in the Dominion. Rock wool is soft, light and fibrous, and is made by melting suitable rock and then converting it into fibres by either a blast of steam or air; one of its uses is as an almost perfect sound-proofing material.—Sel.

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

Winter is here again and though the first snows may not stay with us long we know that there is more on the way. Soon winter sports will be in full swing—coasting, skiing, skating, hockey. Won't it be fun to show our games to our new friends, our guests from overseas. The endless white world we know so well will seem a bit strange to them, even after last winter's heavy snows in England. Winter sports have a valuable part in our "keeping fit" program, so don't forget to mention them in your letters for Part II of our competition. Remember there is a prize waiting for you if you have spunk enough to try for it—a pencil, a maple leaf Badge (our Canadian emblem) or a Blue Pin the top-notch prize awarded to the best writers to the Chums' Mail Bag. The contest closes in the first week of the New Year which means you have just time to get your entry in between now and Christmas. Don't leave it too late or you may miss your chance. Let's hear what you have to say on

"HOW TO KEEP FIT TO SERVE CANADA"

Use the long winter evenings before the ice gets good enough to skate in writing your letter, and get it in early.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth:—I am a new chum Mildred Ann McIntosh, 11 years old on the 15th of July. I have a sister, 10, whose name is Elsie. My brother, Gerald is only a little fellow of three. We live on a farm and raise cows and pigs. We have 2 horses and a cute little colt. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and to Public School where I am in grade 5.

I would so like a pen-pal. Can't you find one for me, Aunt Ruth? I can't write awfully well but I would try to answer letters. I will close now. Your loving chum,—Mildred McIntosh, N. B.

To Beatrice Jeffards from Ethel Smith

Dear Beatrice:—I am Ella Smith's twin sister—perhaps you saw her letter to Ella Reibel in the Mail Bag. Our birhtday is on Jan. 29, and we will be eleven. It is great fun being the same age, and we like, mostly, to do the same things.

We are both fond of sliding and snowballing. I play softball in the summer. We have only a little way to go to school and it is great fun.

Well I will close now, looking forward to a letter from you through the Mail Bag. Your new chum,—Ethel Smith, N. S.

Adventures of Momba

A short story written by an Australian girl and published in "The Weekly Ssotsman".

As night gathered her spangled cloak about her, silence reigned in the vast regions of the sweet-scented Australian bush. Even the monotonous cry of the mournful mo-poke seemed to be hushed as the shadows darkened. A wizened old aborigine lingered by a flame-tipped gum tree and cast a last longing glance at his picturesque home. The home he had grown to love so much was in future to be the camping ground of the white beings, for they wished to trap the many kangaroos which abounded in those parts.

In the distance he could hear the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the white humans' feet. He gave one last fleeting glance at his beloved home and, realising they were approaching, fled like a hunted deer through the wilderness of ferns and bushes until he dropped with fatigue.

It was not until the sun was sinking below the horizon that Momba, the last of his tribe, awoke. The velvety heavens were tinged with crimson, which was reflected in the limpid waters lying so peacefully below.

With a sigh he rose and commenced to search for food and to quench his thirst. He was enabled to get a fair meal with the aid of his boomerang, in the form of two birds. As he watched the glowing embers of the fire he had kindled, he saw visions of his joyous youth, of the happy times he had had with his faithful lubra and his lovable children. How he wished he could live with his tribe in that wonderful abode far above where all are treated alike.

* * *

DAWN was stealing steathily ecross the bushlands when Momba, armed with his customary spear and boomerang, sallied forth in search of game. However, he had long to wait and the day being sultry, he became thirsty and went to the river to drink of its refreshing depths. But the earth which he knelt on was cracked and worn and crumbled beneath his weight and with a splash he plunged headlong into the water.

The treacherous current at once grasped him in her strong arms and swept him on, onward he knew not whither. By now he was in a frenzy, for he could hear the dull roar of the waterfall as it fell upon the jagged rocks which showed here and there above the surface. He struggled frantically with all his remaining strength, but it was of no avail, and he gave up in despair.

Then,as if from nowhere, a hearty voice hailed him: there was a splash, something hit him, and all became misty before his eyes.

He knew no more until he found himself in the hands of one of those upon whom he had sworn to have revenge,and he was now very repentant that he had ever done such a thing. He smiled feebly and thrust a weak hand into that of his rescuer, and from that moment on the two were the firmest of friends.—Marjorie M'-George (14), Australian.

CROSS—CHANNEL

(Continued from Page 4.)

rehearsal of Jerry's intentions towards us. Your account of it may be valuable. These papers may also be important. And when your prisoner recovers we may get some useful information from him. We shall suspend your sentence!"

Then his voice took on a more human note.

"By the way, lads, you must have had a pretty tough time of it in that boat. How did you manage to stick it out so well?"

The boys thought they caught a twinkle in the Commander's blue eyes, and an answering gleam shot from theirs.

"We remembered, sir," said Fred, "that a Scout smiles and whistles."

"—under all difficulties," added Tom.

"Now for a bedtime story," Grandma said. "Not tonight, thank you, grandmother," replied Bobby. "Suppose you take a walk and let me get some sleep."

"I Ought to be Spanked"

By Adna Byrd

SELMA GRAD draped her lazy length upon the davenport and inwardly groaned from the sheer misery of slothful indolence. She was dressed carelessly. Her uncombed mop of blonde hair tumbled about her head in mad confusion.

"Nothing really exciting ever happens to me," she moaned. Her husky voice could be so delightfully pleasant, when she chose to make it so, but now it was unpleasantly complaining.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock," mocked the clock from the mantle. Selma's grey eyes glowered at the offending bit of mechanism. It was just that the clock warned her that each day . . . aye with every tick . . . she was growing older. She wanted to live with all the zest of her strong young body and the might of her untried soul. Yet nothing ever happened. The cruel world gave her no chance to prove her worth.

She had studied diligently at school to win her credits. She was confident that she would make a good stenographer. To do that sort of work was her ambition. Yet who offered her a job? The busy world was unappreciative of the worth of its young people. Here was she with nothing to do but stay at home. Simply nothing exciting ever happened to her. The terrible fact was heart-rending.

* * *

AND so she lay listlessly, aware of nothing except self-pity. In fact she was feeling so sorry for herself her throat ached and her eyes smarted. She reached out a limp, uncertain hand and without making an effort to turn her head so she could see, fumblingly turned on the radio. She turned it too loud. A man's voice came in like the roar of a lion.

She sat up sharply and clapped her hands over her ears. Even that did not shut out the startling, truthful words.

" . . . So the world is passing you by. And just what are you doing about it? Are you sitting still and letting the world pass you by? It is the worker the world appreciates. It is the challenger the world notices. It is the seeker who wins success. Is it what's the matter with the world? Or is it what's the matter with you? Look about you. Is there nothing you can do?"

A hand darted out and snapped off the radio. The owner of the hand looked about her. Those words had rudely yanked her out of her lethargy. Her mind became aware of the shocking state of her surroundings. Her face flushed. All about her was disorder. The floor was unswept and strewn with shoes, books, newspapers. Her grey eyes noted with a flash of mirth that her father's best trousers lay in the middle of the floor. Rugs were kicked awry and the furniture was yanked askew. Over all was a heavy coast of dust.

Although she had turned off the radio the words of the speaker still echoed in her mind. And the truth of them poured through her being like a stream of revivifying water.

She went into the kitchen. It was in a worse state. She saw the remains of her father's breakfast which he had managed on the corner of the table. It was with a renewed sense of shame that she viewed the scene.

"Poor Dad," she murmured, "with mother away and daughter on a sit-down strike he has been having a thin time of it. I ought to be *spanked!* How terrible I have been acting."

* * *

UNWASHED dishes in giddy haphazard stacks covered the table, filled the sink and overflowed onto the draining board. The stove was a sight, with spilled foods burnt to its enamel. Her father always was an awkward cook. The kitchen chairs were cast about in outlandish positions. Selma walked into the kitchen and the soles of her shoes stuck fast. Snap! Pop! As she lifted her feet. Evidently her father had spilled the syrup and mopped up with a dry rag. Yes, over there it was, —one of her mother's carefully embroidered luncheon cloths, that had been used for a mop cloth!

Mrs. Grad had been gone for a week, called away to the bedside of her sick sister. And so the whole house had become an unlivable clutter. Selma, who might have kept the place neat, had not chosen to do house work. After all, had she not trained to become a stenographer? "It was mother's house and mother's job to keep it straight," she had reasoned. "And why mother must rush off every time Aunt Min had a touch of stomach ache is past understanding."

A week ago that was the thought in her heart. Then the voice over the radio had awakened her, and given her a new viewpoint. Now she stood aghast as she reviewed the girl who had been, and the havoc her indolence had created.

* * *

SELMA could 'keep house' if she had a mind to. Her mother had not spent hours of patient training over the growing years of her young life in vain.

She began to work, and as she worked her morale rose. And she did not use any slipshod, lackadaisical methods. Selma gave the house a thorough cleaning and straightening, hurrying from one task to the other until she could stand back and view with satisfaction the shining, orderly perfection of her handiwork. Her parents had provided a lovely home, when it was properly taken care of.

After lunch she bathed and laid down to rest. Fatigued by unaccustomed labor she fell into a healthy, restful sleep. She awoke suddenly and quite completely wide awake. Wondering for a moment what had aroused her she remembered that she had set her will to prepare the food she had ordered earlier in the day. That was why she awakened. Her wrist watch told her it was four o'clock. Selma arranged her curls becomingly and slipped into a pretty house dress. She descended to the kitchen.

An hour and a half later her father came home. And he was bringing a guest — a tall, distinguished-looking man. Selma noted the defiant lift of her father's head. Remembering the household chaos which he had endured for the past week, Selma wondered how he had the nerve to bring a guest home. Perhaps he just hadn't been able to wriggle out of it. She noted the defiance in his mien. She hurried to the door, flung it open and called out pleasantly, "Hello, Dad."

She presented a charming picture to those weary men coming from their daily struggle in the business world. Her father's look of defiance gave way to one of surprise. Directly he smiled and the pride and joy he had in his daughter poured forth in that smile. Selma had always been aware that her father loved her dearly. The stiffness of his anger left and his usual gentleness of spirit and friendliness returned.

"Mr. Parsons, my daughter."

The tall distinguished-looking man gave her a keen, searching look as he gravely shook hands.

"Mother home?" asked Mr. Grad.

* * *

"NO, she hasn't come." And Selma's grey eyes flashed with humor at the puzzled expression that came over her father's face. Well, he was due for still more surprises.

"I have dinner ready to serve."

Laurie Escapes Being a Coward

By MARION WATHEN FOX

LAURIE was paying a visit to his —Laurie's favorite aunt, lived grandmother's home. Aunt Helen there. She and Laurie were great friends.

Aunt Helen had a nice little camera and took lots of pictures—it was one of her hobbies. She took several of Laurie, and explained to Laurie how it was done; even let him do the "snapping" several times. But always after the taking of the pictures she carried the camera off to her room or put it on the corner of the living-room mantel, saying,

"Now, Laurie, I don't want you to go monkeying with my camera when I'm not here—understand? So please just don't touch it unless you're with me and I give you permission to snap something," and she smiled at him so kindly that Laurie didn't in the least mind, only laughed and said,

"You needn't be afraid of my fussing about with it, Aunt Helen—I just wouldn't dream of it—you've been pretty nice about it as it is, all those pictures I'll have to take home with me."

* * *

A WHOLE flock of song-sparrows had taken to coming to the lawn—dozens of them. Sometimes they would perch all on one tree. Sometimes they would light on the fence, standing so closely together that they seemed like a funny featherd rim that belonged there. One morning they were like that when Aunt Helen spied them,

"Bring me the camera quick—quick, Laurie!" she called.

But before the camera got there the birds were gone, "Oh, it would have made a lovely picture!" sighed Aunt Helen. "I guess they heard me call."

And they had never seen the birds there on the fence since. But now the very morning after Aunt Helen had warned Laurie not to touch the camera —there they were; covering almost the entire fence-top in front of the house, as close as peas in a pod.

"Oh, what a dandy picture it would make! Wouldn't Aunt Helen love to take it!" thought Laurie. Then, in an instant he remembered that he knew how to work the camera, and in that instant rushed to get it; forgetting, in his excitement, all about his promise and his Aunt's warning not to touch the camera.

He placed the camera very, very softly, on the railing of the veranda; in an instant "click" went the little thing in the end, and the picture was taken. Wouldn't Aunt Helen be pleased!

But just then he remembered. About his promise. About his aunt telling him he was not to touch the camera.

"O——*h!* O—h! How *could* I have forgotten?" he gasped. "Whatever shall I do? Aunt Helen will never believe me again. She won't trust me—ever."

* * *

SLOWLY, slowly, he walked back and placed the camera on the mantel. Then he threw himself on the lounge. Oh, why had he been so thoughtless—whatever should his aunt think of him now?

"Don't tell her a thing about it," something seemed to whisper inside of him.

"You'd better tell her the minute she comes home," another voice seemed to whisper.

"She'll find out anyhow when she gets the pictures on the film developed," he remembered.

Then came another idea — seemed the "bad" voice whispering this time—"Well, you know how to take that film out and put in a new one—you did it for your aunt once. Take some of your own money and slip down to the corner store and buy a new film. She just put that one in last night, so there are no other pictures on it, and she'll never know the difference."

"But that would be deceiving your aunt and would be wrong," came the "good voice." Poor Laurie! What should he do?

Next week's story will tell what happened.

(To Be Concluded.)

Prayers and Deeds

To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say.
Unless I think to Whom I speak,
And with my heart God's blessings seek.
Then let me, when I come to pray,
Not only heed the words I say,
But let me seek with earnest care
To have my deeds go with my prayer.

—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READINGS

1. Scribes, official interpreters of the Law.
2. "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"
3. He meant, "What answer to the question do you find in the Scriptures?"
4. He gave a fine summing up of the Law from Deuteronomy and Leviticus.
5. No. But if we have God's life in our hearts it will work out in our lives.
6. "Who is my neighbor?"
7. He told him a story.
8. "Go, and do thou likewise."
9. That we should be "neighbors" to everyone who needs help.

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A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

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Contributors of poems, stories, etc., who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested,* though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
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Keep your WITS WORKING

A FRACTIONAL RECIPE

A chef compounded the following ingredients: 1-6th turkey, 1-5th bacon, 1-5th gravy, 1-8th dressing, 1-4 salt. What sort of dish did he produce?

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. What is it that's handsomer and higher when the head is off?
2. Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
3. What was born without a soul, lived and had a soul, and died without a soul?
4. What is the difference between a monkey and a millionaire?
5. Why is pepper like pea soup?
6. Why is a greenhouse like a sick patient?

WORD SQUARE

1. Thrown away. 2. Player. 3. A hard substance. 4. A medicine. 5. Straight.

HOW MANY PINS?

Here is an interesting little problem, the solution of which is surprising.

A tumbler is filled to the brim with water and you are asked how many pins you could put into it without causing an overflow. One person who tried this experiment found that no less than 1320 pins can be put into the tumbler. To do the trick the pins must be put in one at a time. The water at the top swells up, yet there is no overflow.

A TEST OF YOUR STRENGTH

Place a toothpick over the first and third fingers and under the middle finger. Now bring a little pressure downward on the ends of the toothpick with the first and third fingers sufficient to break it.

"WHEELBARROWS"

DIVIDE boys into two equal teams facing one another about 10 feet apart and numbered from opposite ends. A chalk square is drawn in the centre with 8 feet sides. One team are "Drivers" and the "Barrows." The Play Leader calls out a number and two boys enter the square. The "Driver" takes hold of the "Barrow" under the knees with his arms and tries to propel him out of the square, while the "Barrow" endeavors to push the "Driver" back. See that pairs are fairly evenly matched.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Hidden Bird—Cupboard, he*R*, w*A*s, a*N*d, non*E*.

Beheadings — Insupportable, supportable, portable, table, able.

Money Puzzle—Two quarters, 78 nickels, 60 cents.

Mystery Dogs — 1. Dogrose. 2. Dogcart. 3. Doge. 4. Firedog (Andiron). 5. Dog-eared. 6. Dogged. 7. Dogger (fishing boat used in the North Sea.) 8. Dogmatic. 9. Doggerel.

Central Acrostic—1. Dr*A*ma. 2. Fo*R*ge. 3. Le*M*on. 4. Wh*E*el. 5. Fu*N*ny. 6. Kn*I*fe. 5. Pl*A*te.

Riddles Old and New—1. Because he always beats time. 2. A batter. 3. Because it's a far-thing.

Good Reason

After a long talk on the value of peace, good will and disarmament, a Riverside teacher asked the class if they objected to war.

"Yes, sir, I do!" said one boy.

"Good! Now tell us why."

"Because," said the boy, "wars make history and I hate history."

Coal was first dug in England about 1234 at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Earth's coastline measures 136,000 miles.

The first photographs were taken in England in 1802.

A man consumes over six cubic yards of air in an hour.

"I OUGHT TO BE SPANKED"

(Continued from Page 11.)

Excusing herself, she went to place the food on the table. It was a well prepared meal which a man might offer with pride to a guest. Her father and Mr. Parsons were in a pleasant mood. They ate with hearty appreciation of her style of cooking. The two men had an understanding of each other and evidently enjoyed their exchange of ideas. Selma, as she watched her father's pleased and interested face, was glad in her heart that her sudden industry had made this happy hour possible. Suppose he had brought an unexpected guest any other day of that terrible week!

The girl was not left out of the conversation. Mr. Parsons directed his attention towards her, and she responded with gay answers. Selma was intelligent and possessed a charming personality. Evidently their guest liked her, for he said abruptly, with a smile,

"You'll do."

"I'll do? I don't understand."

"As my personal secretary——that is, is, if you care for the position."

Selma flushed with pleased surprise. "I would like very much to have a position of that kind," she replied sincerely.

"Well, that settles that. Come to my office in the morning. I've been looking for a stenographer, as Miss Cook, my present secretary, is leaving to work for her firm near her old home. The school recommended you. I enquired of your father if you were employed. And because I am a bit particular, I came down to interview you personally. I need a neat, well-mannered, intelligent young woman who is a capable stenographer. I find you quite a charming young lady, and a most excellent cook. This food is delicious."

* * *

THEIR guest had long since departed. Selma had cleared the table and washed up the dishes. Her father had returned from driving Mr. Parsons home and was seated in an easy chair reading the evening paper.

"Where did you get the courage to bring Mr. Parsons home with you?"

"He suggested coming. What could I do but bring him. I confess I was shaking in my shoes and praying your mother had come home."

"Dad, forgive me for my laziness. I was feeling so sorry for myself because I didn't have a job that I hadn't time for anything else. But I had an awakening and you see I snapped out of it."

"You did, Selma, and grandly!"

"For keeps, Dad."

NEW SERIAL STARTS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

OUR New Wartime Serial Story concerns a young fellow who, turned down when trying to enlist for active service because of slight physical disability, made good nearer home, and made his mark on the enemy's espionage system. It's an all- Canadian story, with plenty of thrills.

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Charts for Healthy Eating

Lay in Your Winter Stores Wisely

IN our campaign of eating to live exuberantly healthy lives, there are facts needed for planning our gardens, our grocery lists, and our year's budget for food.

Every person should have each day some bulky food, some hard food and some raw food. To keep the body chemically balanced we need certain inorganic salts and acids. These are found mostly in fresh fruits and vegetables in sufficient quantity for our daily needs.

Iron and copper, however, which are needed for the health of our blood, are found in special foods. We learn that so little iron is stored in our bodies that the supply needs to be refreshed daily, and that the iron without copper cannot be assimilated.

Hemoglobin, the substance which gives red corpuscles of the blood their color, carries oxygen to the cells of the body. If there is not sufficient hemoglobin in the blood a disease called anemia results. The lowering of the hemoglobin content is caused by a lack of iron and copper in the diet, and nutritional anemia may be remedied by a diet rich in these two minerals.

For the adult a diet protective against anemia should include 100 units each of iron and copper each day. Adolescents should increase the daily intake from 25% to 65% depending upon the amount of food the child eats.

* * *

THE tables given below are taken from the University of Wisconsin's Department of Agricultural Chemistry and are for foods grown and purchased in Wisconsin. Variation in the soil and climate causes great variation in the mineral content of foods.

Units of Iron in Common Foods

½ c. cooked lima beans	39
½ c. cooked navy beans	32
½ c. green shelled peas	10
1 medium slice beef	30
2 small lamb chops	21
1 med. slice beef liver	55
1 med. slice calve's liver	36
1 slice pork liver 4½x1½x2½	166
⅓ c. cooked oysters	23
½ c. cooked beets	15
½ c. beet greens	20
½ c. cooked chard	27
½ c. boiled spinach	44
1 large orange	12
1 medium banana	12
3 dried apricot halves	12
2 large halves dried peaches	10
4 medium prunes	12
½ c. seedless raisins	32
5 large figs	26
3 tablespoons molasses	36

DESPITE the variations due to soil and climate most green and yellow vegetables, salt water fish, and dark meats contain iron. As neither the organic nor the inorganic iron can be used by the body unless copper is also present, the following table may aid you in deciding if your food contains a sufficient quantity of copper.

Units of Copper in Common Foods

2 tblspns. chopped peanuts	18
½ sq. unsweetened chocolate	37
1 tblspn. cocoa	27
3 tblspns. molasses	132
2 large figs	15
4 medium prunes	14
1 c. seedless raisins	48
3 halves dried apricots	9
1 medium apple	10
1 medium banana	21
½ cup cherries	10
½ large gratefruit	6
1 large orange	13
3 stalks celery	3
½ c. cooked chard	11
5 green asparagus stalks	14
½ cup beet greens	9
¼ c. cooked beets	8
½ c. cooked carrots	7
1 small potato	17
½ large sweet potato	15
¼ c. lima beans	22
¼ c. cooked navy beans	17
½ c. cooked string beans	3
1 med. helping lean beef	11
1 veal chop	20
1 med. helping beef liver	215
1 med. slice calves' liver	441
1 slice pork liver	65
1 med. serving cheese	7
1 whole egg	12
1 cup milk	4
⅓ cup oysters	338
1 slice white bread	9
1 slice rye bread	7

* * *

Calcium (lime) and, phosphorous too, must be supplied daily. This is especially important for growing children. So, as we all need calcium and phosphorous in our daily food, it is well to remember that the foods which contain the greatest amounts of calcium are: milk, cheese, buttermilk, bananas, brown bread, raisins, figs, turnips, oranges, molasses, celery, cauliflower, navy beans, and young carrots. The sources of phosphorous are: beef, beef liver, lima beans, navy beans, buttermilk, cheese, cauliflower, and rhubarb.

We can if we study the subject, feed our children so that they can attain health. We will find that a balanced diet is satisfying, so that less food is required.

Sit down today and make out a menu that will give the growing children, adults, and aged members of your family, the right amounts of calories, vitamins, minerals, and acids; and of raw, hard and bulky foods. When ordering the seed for next spring's planting, be sure to have enough green and yellow vegetables.

When ordering groceries be sure to include plenty of unadulterated, unrenovated cheese and butter, plenty of fresh fruits, and do not harbour the queer idea that meat, cheese, and eggs are not essential to the growing child's diet.

More sea foods, less sugar, and more vegetables and fruits are needed by nearly all families if we are to be as healthy as our livestock.— Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine

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Sunday School Officers

WHAT are you doing for the invalid members of your School?

How could you better show your constant interest in them than by sending them each week a copy of the Northern Messenger?

Many schools have a "home department", to the members of which they send the Northern Messenger. Perhaps many others have overlooked this avenue of weekly service and expression of fellowship.

The cost is small, for a list of 6 or more such subscriptions the rate is only 65 cts each, the paper going each week as an expression of your love direct from the publication office to the "Shut In." See further particulars on Page 12 of any issue.

"Alcohol has wrecked more lives, starved more children, and murdered more women than any other single factor."—Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

Northern Messenger

November 29, 1940.

ADVENTURE AHEAD

THE world's greatest adventure lies ahead. No matter how near or how distant is the end of the war—when it comes it will be a time for even greater exploits than are now being recorded. The feats of our soldiers and sailors and airmen and all their allied services are magnificently ushering in a day of even wider opportunity. The resources and forces we have discovered in our country, in ourselves, indeed in God, the capacity for self and class and national sacrifice we have learned in war time will produce mighty achievements when turned to the building of a new social order.

War is a dreadful antidote for selfishness in human nature. But the sacrifices war involves develop the best in a lot of us. These days *can* be a time of drilling for future citizenship in a wiser world. We are rising to heights of sacrifice which ought to be our standard for everyday life.

We democratic peoples are really doing things these days. We are cooperating, going forward, finding out how much we can accomplish if we set our minds to it. After this war we must not lose this spirit, as it was so largely lost after the last war.

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return"

when men and women obey their pioneer instincts and are willing to move forward to take up new positions, morally and spiritually.

We are fighting now, as it were, in the night; but over the far horizon comes the sunrise. That sunrise will be the dawning in men's hearts everywhere of a new vision for the human race.

The present rising generation is on the threshold of greater opportunity than any of its predecessors. It finds a world in the melting pot to be fashioned into something new. If the vision be true the possibilities of its realization are tremendous.

The greatest adventures still lie ahead. The greatest achievements are still to be recorded.

GENERAL HERTZOG

AMONG the matters for great thanksgiving is the change of heart of General J. B. M. Hertzog, the South African statesman, who for years has advocated complete independence for South Africa, and who opposed the participation of that Dominion in the War. But about the 20th of November he came round to the support of Premier Smuts, who is strong for the British connection.

This is a matter of Imperial importance, both as regards the British South African Dominion and because its ports are so essential to Britain's relations with Australia, New Zealand, India and the Orient. Hertzog is an honest, sincere man. It is a courageous thing for a public man to publicly change his mind. General Hertzog's "conversion" is probably due to his realization that if Britain loses South Africa, Hitler will gain it. And his choice is for the British connection. His decision is bound to influence his countrymen and to strengthen the hands of those who see that Hitler robs and enslaves the peoples he governs, especially such as are not "pure German" and that the existence of democracy in the world depends on the defeat of Hitler.

"FACE THE FACTS"

MR. RICHARD O. BOYER, until recently Berlin correspondent of the New York newspaper *P.M.*, speaking over the radio in the "Let's Face the Faces" series said that the thing that impressed him most in Germany was "a kind of passive hopelessness" on the part of the German people. His arrival in Munich coincided with the signing of the Armistice with France. He expected that the smashing victory would send Germans delirious with joy. Instead of this the people were "unmistakably sad, quiet and weary." If this contagion is not halted, he says, Germany, "even in victory may go the way of France."

Mr. Boyer says, however, that the defeatest spirit has not as yet infected the army, the Nazi party, or the Hitler youth to any appreciable degree. They are Hitler's pets. They are fed, clothed and privileged to their heart's desire.

They are the strength of Naziism and so long as their Fuehrer can satisfy them they will worship him and fight for him. So long also must we employ all our strength and resources to defeat them. The fanaticism that Hitler has been able to kindle is the real strength of his Germany. Until it is defeated there can be no assurance of peace in Europe—or anywhere else.

It is a spiritual disease, "a possession by the devil." To win against that we must be "possessed" by the Holy Spirit. Under His guidance we shall win as did Joshua and Gideon, David and others. But let us not imagine that the Holy Spirit's objective is the defeat of Naziism. That is only a step in the program of bringing in and building up the Kingdom of God on earth. That is always the big objective.

We are told we must prepare to do this "after the war." Jesus says the Kingdom of God is "within" us, here and now. If not within *us*, how can we expect it to be within anyone else? Let us be careful that when the Spirit of evil is driven out of the Germans and their allies it does not enter into us. It cannot find entrance where the Holy Spirit is already in full possession.

Instead of the "passive hopelessness" that has begun to deteriorate the German masses, let us have the confident assurance that God's side will certainly win, and that gloriously!

WHERE DEMOCRACY BEGINS

THE glib assent to Christian truth amounts to very little. To receive it as the tremendous revolutionary thing it is, transforms the individual life and will yet transform the world!

The flame of Nazism must be met by the purer and brighter flame of faith in God and in the coming Kingdom of His Son.

Democracy means that this is a matter for private individuals as well as for leaders. As the Rev. A. Robert George, lecturer in oral English at McGill said in a recent address to the Canadian Club in Montreal:

"To consider how best we can organize our social enterprise for the common good. That is our responsibility as much as it is that of the premiers of Canada."

The fact is, our homes should be democracies in embryo or, shall we say more simply, in the bud. Our schools should not only unfold the principles of democracy but our classrooms should be miniature democracies.

There is no healthy democracy that is not inspired by the spirit of goodwill toward the other fellow and concern for his welfare. *That* is Christian democracy. If everyone was so inspired the result would be to the benefit of each. No shadow of doubt about that. (Please turn to p. 16)

But if everyone seeks his own selfish interest without a care for others, that makes for war and chaos, bringing universal suffering. We have plenty of proof of that in the world today.

The question comes to each one of us: Am I a plus sign for democracy—do I practise it as well as preach it? Or do I merely give it "lip service?" If we ourselves do not so believe in democracy that we practise it why should others risk their lives to save democracy for us?

Would that every reader of the Northern Messenger, boy and girl, man and woman would be a conscious factor in the welfare of this democratic country. Let us, each one, determine that his or her relations with others in the home, school, playground, church, or business should be such as will benefit the other fellow and add to the total of rightness and goodwill and mutual helpfulness.

Friendly Co-operation

Dear Reader-Friend,—

Would you like to be a fellow-worker with your editors in what they are trying to do for Canada in these critical times?

Of course the larger the circulation of the Messenger, the farther will reach its messages of confident faith in God and its challenge to greater devotion to truth and rightness on the part of each and every citizen.

Since every Sunday School that knows of the large service the Northern Messenger is now giving to Sunday School scholars and their families values it highly, we believe other schools would want it too if they knew what it is like today.

Of course most schools already have Sunday School papers. But the Northern Messenger is different, and some, finding it so, add it to what other paper they are getting. They consider that so large a service at so low a price to Sunday Schools—especially our bargain offer for a three-months' trial—is too good to miss. So far as we know there is nothing like it at the price.

But without the names and addresses of Superintendents and other leading S. S. workers we cannot place the matter before them. And that is where each reader of the Messenger can help both their paper and some Sunday School.

Won't you, for one, rush in to us such addresses of Sunday School workers as you may know of?

We will then so gladly send them sample copies and tell them of our special on trial offer to Sunday Schools.

All we ask is the opportunity, through your courtesy.

YOUR EDITORS

Sunday School Appreciations

Samples of those that are pouring in from all Denominations and from all over Canada

We enjoy the Northern Messenger, Thank you. A. D; Ont (Ang)

* * *

We all think N. M. a very fine paper. Have used it for forty years.—Mrs. H. V. D; NS (Bap)

* * *

We appreciate the N. M. for wonderful material at so cheap a price.—Mrs. H. T. B; BC (U C)

* * *

We have taken the Northern Messenger for ten or eleven years and think it better than other Sunday School papers. It covers the whole family and relieves us of the need of getting separate papers for boys and girls of different ages.—Mrs. E. B. Sask. (U C)

We like your paper and look forward to it every Sunday.—O. G; P E I, (Pres)

* * *

We consider the Northern Messenger a very fine Sunday School paper. Every family in the community should have a copy in their home. Mrs. E. B. C; N. S. (Union)

* * *

Our S. S. enjoys the N. M. very much and say with all their hearts there is no better paper than the Northern Messenger for young and old.—Mrs. J. B; Ont (Undenominational)

* * *

Our school is unanimous in praise of the Northern Messenger. We have taken it for about six years, and feel it is a necessity in the homes of our community in these days.—A. J; Man (U C)

We send on request our special on-trial offer for schools not taking the Northern Messenger.

SCURVY CURE

(Continued from Page 5.)

off large pieces of bark. Little did he notice the new nicks in his blade as he watched the fragrant bark pile up beneath the tree.

Soon he had more than he could carry. He ran back to his sledge, dragged it near the fire. Dumping the powder to one side, he piled the bark upon the makeshift sled. The Indian looked on in curiosity.

Philippe pointed to the bags of powder.

"Powder, White Eagle. The white captain wanted powder, and I was bringing it to him. But his men die of scurvy. They need your ameda more than the captain needs powder."

White Eagle nodded understandingly.

"Powder to go on warpath against the Huron?" he asked. "Let the white captain fear not, for the Huron removes his war paint. See?"

* * *

THE old brave rubbed his face roughly with his one free hand. The paint blurred, disappeared. Philippe watched, smiling. Then he walked slowly toward the piles of sacked powder. He dumped them into the snow, and his foot scattered the gray powder. Then he turned back to the medicine man, and his hand lifted in the universal sign of peace. White Eagle slowly lifted his own hand, a new light reflected in his eyes.

"I go, White Eagle," Philippe told him. "I take this peace offering from the Huron to my captain. When I return, I will bring with me much medicine and gifts from the white chief. The white man and the Huron must be friends."

Philippe made White Eagle a bed of boughs to hold him away from the snow, and piled branches on the fire. Then he raced across the last mile to the fort, dragging his sledge of bark. Inside the fort, he hastened into the presence of Cartier.

"Peace, captain," he said. "Peace with the Huron. I bring you White Eagle's pledge of peace." He pointed at the bark he had dropped in the doorway as he had stopped to salute. "See, White Eagle offers a remedy for the scurvy in exchange for peace. My powder is but bark; but it will cure more ills than would the powder for which you sent me."

The ameda did cure the scurvy of Cartier's men. History tells us that an entire tree was cut up and made into medicine which the crew gulped down in enormous doses. When spring finally broke through the ice of the St. Lawrence, the men were again in good physical shape, and no additional deaths were recorded. Also, White Eagle kept his promise of peace.

Cheers Hospital Patient

You would be glad of all the people I have heard speak well of the Messenger. . . . I seem to meet it everywhere I go. One woman now in hospital . . . has them send her copies there.—"I wouldn't miss it for anything," she said, "I read every word of it."—M.W.F.